

Harry Chapin, Somebody Said

Somebody said...Where's the music goin'
Somebody said...It's gone
Somebody said...With this bad wind a blowin'
Will the music keep a rolling on
I had to ask myself
WHy it's makin' me
A minstrel man from cradle to grave
Should there be somewhere else
It could be takin' me
As it rolls on over like a wave
Somebody said...We got to find the words
Got to, got to be an answer there
Somebody said that...You never get heard
'Cause nobody really cares
Do your feet just dance
Where the waves begin
Stop thinkin' as you're sinkin' below
Or do you take this chance to sail on the wind
When so many in the water chose to row
Some may curse the crippled
Some try to hide the hurt
Some they hate the hungry
But who's dying down there in the dirt
Somebody said...Has the man enlightened us
Somebody said...Who knows
And then the little boys said...Well I may be frightened
But the Emperor has got no clothes
As the passion dies
But the beat goes on
The conductor got us singing his song
He's been feedin' these lies
That we've been feasting upon
But now we've been at the banquet too long
Somebody said...Where are the dreamers
Somebody said...Dead
Somebody said...Here comes the holy rollers
Tryin' to sell us all the screamers instead
Since we were once deceived
When we received the call
Now the cynics are the prophets of the day
And now the weak ones grieve
As the strong ones fall
And the rest of us have nothing to say
Some suffer in silent sadness
Some come to worship pain
Some just welcome madness
But you can't come in from the rain
Somebody said
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